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"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

The Christian Freeman.

A MONTHLY JOURNAL.

DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS, MORAL, AND SOCIAL PROGRESS.

No. 1.] JANUARY, 1861. [PRICE 1½d.

THREE NEW YEAR'S WONDERS.

IT was the other New Year's morning, when the children for seasonal gifts were singing in the streets, or loudly knocking at neighbours' doors; friends were warmly grasping each others hands, and the salutations of the season were passing around. It was in one of our more northern towns, where, on New Year's day, every face looks blither and brighter that day, and hilarity takes the place of care. "A merry Christmas and a happy New Year" was heard everywhere, as everybody seemed to be saying to everybody else, and for once the whole community seemed to live in the fellowship of best wishes. There it was, in the midst of the words of genial feeling, sat poor Joe in his little room, whose heart in bygone years had been as happy as the happiest on such mornings. A cloud had gradually gathered around the horizon of his life, and darkened his prospects. His business had been ruined, and his little all had been sold to pay his debts. His young wife, in the midst of his losses, drooped and died, and left him to be both father and mother to a number of helpless little girls. There he sat, poor and desolate enough, and death had also shot an arrow at him. Against his disease he had struggled hard. He was always hopeful that through his difficulties of mind, body, and estate, he would safely pass, and see his children brought up to womanhood. His kind-hearted employer kept him in his service as long as he could walk to his office, which he struggled to do, to keep his little ones in bread. Strength and sight, in the prime of years, both began to fail him; and his anxiety more painfully projected itself into the future, as his strength decreased. It was New Year's morning—the subject of our brief notice sat in his ill-furnished home in the midst of his little ones, with another year before him, which he was trying to scan. Outside, as we have said, rung joyous sounds and the lively voices of children playing in the streets. Music and mirth had passed from his home. With his little cash-book in his hand he sat that morning examining the claims of sundry ones, and his mind clouded with care. From papers that fell into our hands, we know he took his pen and wrote, on the blank page at the beginning of his book, "I begin this year with THREE WONDERS. 1.—*I wonder if my present employer will continue to keep me in his service.* 2.—*I wonder if I will be any improved in my health, or otherwise, next New Year's morning.* 3.—*I wonder if my circumstances will be any improved.*" Next New Year's day the grass waved tall and green over the head of our thoughtful, care-worn, sorrowing neighbour, and his children played at the fireside of sympathizing friends.

Courteous readers, we wish you a "HAPPY NEW YEAR." Let our little narrative point us the duty to help each other to bear our several burdens. This morning some thoroughly brave-hearted and honest neighbour, near your happy home, may be sitting writing his "*three wonders.*" Can you send a ray of warmth and light into his desolate condition? To some one sorrowing heart do unlock the gates of joy, and let the tide of bliss flow over his soul, and its memory during 1861 will be sweet. None of us can do half the good our hearts do wish, but let us all wish, and do the best we can, to make a HAPPY NEW YEAR.

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ECHOES OF THE HEART.

BY MINNIE S. DAVIS.

CHAPTER I.

Mr. Harlow sauntered listlessly about his garden walks; the long summer twilight was drawing to a close, and the young moon had hung her silver bow in the east. The hour was beautiful, and the place in which he walked one to delight the heart. But seeing, he saw not, and hearing, he heard not, for his mind was with his ledger, and tangled business affairs. He had recently purchased a pretty little place, and his family rejoiced in the exchange from narrow city streets to the lovely gardens surrounding their new home.

At the foot of the garden was a little woody dell, which had been purposely left in its natural state. A brook leaped musically down its rocky bed, and then, taking a sudden turn, wound placidly through a green meadow. Here the five children of Mr. Harlow were playing, and their shouts of glee rung out upon the evening air.

"Papa, papa!" cried sturdy little Harry, appearing at the top of the bank, "come and hear our echo. Ellen says it is the sweetest echo she ever heard; we have called to it again and again, and it answers back just what we say."

Mr. Harlow followed his son mechanically, but when he stood in the midst of the laughing troop of children, he came out of his troubled reverie.

"Oh, father! we have found an echo!" they cried, together. "Hark—it shall call, 'father,'" said Susan. "*Father!*" and the echo answered "Father!"

"Isn't it pleasant?" said Ellen, the eldest, a thoughtful girl of twelve years. "If we stand in this spot the echo speaks just once, clearly and distinctly; but a little to the right, or left, it is repeated two or three times."

"I always liked to hear an echo," said the father, with a smile.

"Hallo, old echo!" shouted Harry, jumping up and down, and the response made him shout and laugh again.

"Where do you live?" called Nelson.

"Sweet echo! sweet echo!" cried Susan, and the woodland-spirit grew quite wild in answering to their merry calls.

"What is it, papa?" asked Eddie, the three-year-old pet, as he clung timidly to his father's side; "who is it that speaks?"

"It is the nymph of the stream, or the goddess of these woods," said Nelson, with a patronizing air. He had been reading mythology.

"Don't you be afraid, Eddie," said Ellen, kindly taking her little brother's hand; "it is only the sound of our own words coming back to us."

"The dew is falling, let us go into the house," said the father, and he turned from the place, followed by his children. Ellen walked by his side. "Father, the echo reminds me of something I read the other day. It was a piece about moral echoes. It said that if we spoke kindly, almost always we should hear the echo in a kind reply; and everything we do or say awakens echoes in our own hearts, and the hearts of those about us."

"Very true, dear Ellen; you are quite a moralist."

In the society of his family, the shadows were charmed from Mr. Harlow's brow, but when he lay upon his pillow, busy, troubled thoughts banished sleep. He had been speculating somewhat, aside from his regular business, and was consequently harassed with too much care. As the day dawned, he sank into a fitful slumber, which gave no refreshment to his wearied mind.

A cheerful group gathered around the breakfast-table—five smiling, happy children, and their gentle mother. But the father's brow was shaded, and he had no reply for the pleasant prattle of his children; so they subsided into silence, chilled by his stern aspect. It might, and should have been, an hour bright and beautiful with domestic sunshine, and when Mr. Harlow bade his family "good-bye" for the day, and felt that his wife's eye followed him with a sad, inquiring glance, his conscience smote him, for he had clouded the sweet atmosphere of home.

CHAPTER II.

Everything seemed to go hard that day. Mr. Harlow worried himself and all about him. The oil of good humour

would have had a wonderful effect upon the machinery of business, but he did not think of that. Yet, Mr. Harlow was not, by any means, a cross and surly man—usually, he was most bland and cheerful, but too much care had unstrung his nerves, and weakened his self-control.

Late in the afternoon he received a message from a business firm, and he was more troubled and hurried than before. "Here, Andrew Chase," said he, to a young man in his service, "you have just five minutes to take this parcel to the train; it is of great importance; don't fail to get it expressed."

"Yes, sir," said Andrew; "I'll run every step of the way!" and, eager to do his master any favour, that he might, in some measure, atone for his carelessness in the morning, he darted down the street.

Half-an-hour elapsed, and Andrew returned with slow and reluctant steps, the packet still in his hand.

"What! how is this?" exclaimed Mr. Harlow, in angry disappointment. "Were you too late?"

"Yes, sir, I—"

"I am very sorry, sir; I started on a full run, but stopped, for there was a child in the street, and a horse—"

"Never mind—don't tell me all the whys and wherefores. You know that it was of great importance that you should stop for nothing at all. You had no business to stop, or to turn right or left. If I can't trust you in such matters, I can trust you in nothing. Go to the head clerk and get your wages, and henceforth I will dispense with your services."

"Mr. Harlow, do hear what I have to say! I saw the child was in great danger—in a moment more—"

"Oh, pshaw!" interrupted Mr. Harlow, with an impatient wave of his hand, "children are in the streets at all times; it is a poor excuse for delay in such a matter. Go, Andrew Chase; your carelessness has done me enough damage for one day."

The boy stood for a moment, hesitating, flushed, and angry; once his lips parted, as if he would again attempt his defence; then, with a proud, half-triumphant light in his eye, he turned away. Mr. Harlow was puzzled with the meaning of that last glance.

Mr. Harlow began to regret his impetuosity. "I ought to have listened to his excuse," he said to himself; and then he remembered, with added pain, that Andrew's mother was a widow, with several children, and depended much upon his earnings.

At evening, when Mr. Harlow sat down to the table with his family, he was dissatisfied and unhappy. His wife had been to the city with her youngest child, and she had many pleasant things to tell him, and purchases to show, but it was with difficulty he replied to her remarks.

He soon retired to the parlour, threw himself into his arm-chair, and took up the evening paper. Ellen sat down to the piano, and ran her fingers lightly over the keys; Nelson was occupied with his book, and the younger children sat upon the carpet, playing with their toys.

"Eddie, you naughty boy, let my house alone," called out Harry, in a cross voice, and he caught up a little building block and threw it at his brother.

"Harry," said Ellen, "last night when you cried 'Sweet Echo,' what did the echo say in reply?"

"Why, 'Sweet Echo,' said the child, with sudden interest. "You know it said the words we did."

"If you had called out in a loud, cross voice, 'Naughty Echo, stop talking to me,' what would it have said?"

"'Stop talking to me!'" said Harry, laughing.

"And if you had said, 'Dear Echo, I love you,' would it not have said in the same tone, 'I love you?'"

"Yes."

Now the little brothers stood close by the side of Ellen, looking up eagerly into her face. All the anger was quenched in their young hearts.

"Did you not know, Harry, we all have an echo in our hearts? When dear mother speaks to us so kindly and sweetly, how we love her, and if we don't reply in the same words we do in the same tone. And when you speak unkindly to little Eddie, how quick he pouts, and says, 'Naughty Harry!' It

is the little echo in his heart answering you. Now, if you had not been angry, but had said, 'Please, Eddie, don't throw my blocks down, he would have stepped on one side very quickly. Are you not sorry you made him angry, and tried to hurt him?"

Harry looked upon the beautiful face of Eddie, which was smiling now, though there was the glitter of tears upon his lashes, and with a gush of love and penitence, he flung his arms about him, and hugged and kissed him heartily.

Mr. Harlow witnessed this scene with misty eyes. Ellen had, unconsciously, given him the key to his despondency. In the echo-chamber of his heart he heard repeating and repeating the words and the deeds of the day. Impatient and exacting, he had evoked a like spirit in all about him. Especially did he recall his intercourse with Andrew Chase, and he pictured the boy, with angry and injured feelings, sitting in his widowed mother's home, which, though he thought humble, was indeed far poorer than his fancy painted.

"Ah, me!" he murmured regretfully, "would I had done otherwise."

CHAPTER III.

It is a strange, mysterious thing, this Echo, the voice of memory. Some one has said that "we have only the present; the past is buried, and the future yet unborn." It is scarcely thus, for the memories of the past, and the hopes of the future, give colouring to, and permeate with their spirit, the present. One day of calm and elevated happiness is a joy for ever, for other days will borrow serenity from the light of its memory. Often a look, a motion, an incident seemingly most trivial, will awaken recollections of words, and deeds of long ago. Perchance we deemed them forgotten, but, lo! the thoughts, the language, the acts of other days have come back to us, and Echo repeats and repeats them again,

And as our lives are in part moulded by those around us, and they are continually awakening responses of pleasure or pain in our being, so we in our turn, by all the influences going out from what we do or say, are helping to make melody or discord in the hearts of others.

"Mr. Harlow," said the mother, "my heart has been full ever since I came home to-day. Little Eddie went with me to the city, and he was delighted with everything he saw, and I could hardly keep him by my side. I was making some purchases, and thought he was standing near me, when suddenly I missed him. I looked anxiously toward the door, and saw him in the street, just before the feet of a large cart-horse; the street was pretty clear at that moment, but I saw no escape for the child. I was rushing forward, expecting to see him the next moment crushed and mangled, when a lad who was passing caught him up with the quickness of thought, and with one hand seized the horse's bridle. The driver swore in a great rage at the hindrance, and the horse struggled and reared beneath a shower of blows. For an instant it seemed that the boy would be thrown down, but he held on bravely, and then sprang to the side-walk, with little Eddie, unhurt."

"It was Andrew Chase. He was pale and breathless with the exertion and excitement. 'Oh, Mrs. Harlow!' he exclaimed, 'is it your little Eddie? I thought he would be killed! Oh, I am so thankful!'"

"I tried to thank him, and tell him my gratitude, but he said he was in great haste—that I must excuse him, and without listening to a word he ran down the street."

This little narrative was listened to with thrilling interest by the family group. Eddie, the dear, youngest one, had narrowly escaped a frightful death.

"I should like to shake hands with that Andrew Chase," ejaculated Nelson; "he is a brave fellow."

"Yes, that he is," cried Harry, emphatically.

"He was a good boy," said little Susan, with tears in her eyes.

Ellen's eyes quite overflowed. She took the little fellow from her mother's arms, and gazing lovingly into his bright, young face; she kissed the fresh, red lips, and the beautiful black eyes, and stroked the fair, curly hair, which was her pride; and the vision of that cherished one all crushed and mutilated, no more to bless them with his presence, made her shudder. But she had him safe in

her arms, and her heart went up in gratitude to the Great Preserver, and she blessed the name of Andrew Chase.

"Come to papa!" said Mr. Harlow, holding out his hand, and the child sprang upon his knee to receive a fervent embrace.

Mingled emotions of gratitude, regret, and shame, swelled in Mr. Harlow's breast. Now he understood the meaning of Andrew's last half-triumphant glance, and as he pondered it over, he could not blame the pride of spirit which had kept the boy from saying that it was his own child whom he had saved from death.

In the moment of angry excitement, Mr. Harlow only thought he was trying to find an excuse for mere carelessness and neglect. But had he known the facts, and had the child been one of the poorest and least cared for of all the city unfortunates, he would have approved the boy, though his loss was great. But it was Eddie, the pet lamb of his flock! He was under infinite obligations to Andrew, and he had sent him from his presence with severest reproof.

He tried to comfort himself with the thought that to-morrow he would find him and reward him suitably. This was easy to resolve, but difficult to accomplish. Where, in the great city, Andrew Chase lived with his poor mother, and younger brother and sister, Mr. Harlow did not know, and all of whom he inquired were equally ignorant.

Weeks passed, and he began to feel the burden of unacknowledged gratitude painfully, when one day a plainly dressed woman entered the office, and asked for the proprietor of the establishment. She threw up her veil, disclosing a pale, sorrowful face.

"I am Mrs. Chase, the mother of Andrew," she said, by way of introduction.

"I am truly glad to see you," said Mr. Harlow, shaking her hand. "Where is Andrew? I have been searching for him this long time."

"He is at home, just recovering from a fit of illness. He spent two rainy, chilling days, in endeavouring to find employment, and caught a violent cold, which settled upon his lungs, and he has not left the house since. He is getting better, and will soon be able to be out. I depend much upon his earnings, and cannot afford to have him waste any time in finding a place. He is too proud to come to you himself, so I have come to ask you to recommend him to others, if you are unwilling to receive him again in your store."

"Mrs. Chase," said the merchant, in a husky voice, "I was hasty and unjust in my treatment of your son, and he has laid me under a deep debt of gratitude —I must see him."

Mr. Harlow was not a man of many words. He accompanied the poor woman to her home. He was shocked to find it so unpleasantly situated, and so very humble, for Mrs. Chase was a lady in language and appearance. Andrew naturally felt some resentment toward Mr. Harlow, but a brief interview extinguished all unpleasant feelings, and inspired mutual affection and respect.

Mr. Harlow left substantial tokens of his gratitude in that poor home, and the widow's eyes were wet with tears of joy, and her children gathered around her with gladsome faces. But another was happier still, for "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

It was evening. A wild, autumn storm wailed around the house, and the cold sleet drove sharply against the window panes; but within the parlour was the light of the cheerful fire, and the still warmer glow of smiling faces.

"How happy papa looks to night!" said Harry, aside to his sister Ellen; "he is leaning his head back in his chair, with his eyes shut, but he is not sleeping, for he keeps smiling at his own thoughts."

"They must be pleasant thoughts, Harry. Father has been telling mother how much he means to do for Andrew Chase and his mother, brother and sister. They have been very poor, but now the children are to have good clothes, and go to school, and father will give Andrew wages so that he can provide for them all in comfort."

"That's good!" cried Harry—"now I know why papa smiles with his eyes shut; HE IS LISTENING TO THE SWEET ECHOES IN HIS HEART!"

WHOSE WORK? AND WHO MUST DO IT?

EVERY age has its own peculiar mission, and every section of the Christian church its own true work. The present is pregnant with change at home and abroad. Institutions and thrones hoary with age—and for this only venerable—are being swept away before the besom of reform. A Garibaldian hand is brushing away the cobwebs of time, showing the necessity of action, and guaranteeing the success of those who cease to wait and begin to work. The world needs the lesson, and may we all profit by the Italian illustration. Thousands of men are persuaded they have a righteous cause, who never move to make their thought a fact. Fitting opportunities are continually offering themselves that they may embody what they deem to be true in some reality of society—those opportunities go by unimproved. There is a large class of mankind continually waiting the day of grace—the high tide of fortunate circumstances—to float their vessel of life, instead of launching into the stream and winning their way. There is the *idle student* waiting the issue of some new book that will be a short cut to the eminence he seeks—a royal road to learning. He fritters away the time he should vigorously employ, in expectancy, to feed on another's labour, and live by another's brain. He hopes in vain. Every soul must do its own mental labour. There is the *mercantile drone*, waiting some great bargain to build up his estate, instead of pursuing little gains. He is trusting to the death of some wealthy relative that will set him on his feet and give him position in the world. Look how seedy turns his coat compared with that little active man who was never cursed with such expectations. He has pushed his way up the street: see! he is pushing past the drone, into the exchange. His legacies are in his own hands. He has no golden dreams. Blessed man, he believes in diligence in business and fervency of spirit, by which he both serves his family and the Lord. See that *political lounger*, he is waiting his time. He says: "There is a tide in the affairs of man, which taken at its flood leads on to fortune." It is generally low tide with him, but his day is coming; he is hanging on—miserable man—instead of following an honest employ he is waiting the favour of some ducal friend. Such never were, or never can be, men. And there is the *patriotic coward:* he hears a hurrah for the cause, he is only looking out. He is seen abroad only on the day of "great things." He is a prudent man—he whispers in your ear he has a family, or he would lay down his life for his country. The proper time will come, and then you'll find him at his post. When friends are many, you'll find him foremost friend of all. More hateful still—see, there is the *pharisee of charity*. A great effort is to be made to relieve the sufferers. A large committee of influential men then put down his name. He likes magnificence that can be seen, published, and spread abroad. See, he turns pale, a gasp of suffering reached his solitary ear, he is confused, he does not like hole and corner charity. Wait a little, till all are ready, he is mighty with the mightiest; he buttons up his private good to make his public charity more largely known. Lastly, there is the *theological sloth*, waiting too. He is proud of the spirit of his age. Men are thinking freely, and will all come right at last he never doubts. He speaks to you complacently of a celebrated D.D. in the north, and a famous preacher in the south. He has great hopes of them. And these Clerical Essayists, too, though they rather shocked his nerves at first, he knows they'll come right at last. They will do the work. We need not be very doctrinal, nor rub against rough corners, yet he extols others who do. The spirit of the age, broad Churchism, liberal tendencies of the press; Maurice, Jowett, Kingsley, and others, they will do the work: he knows they will. Oh, vain student, idle man, political lounger, coward, pharisee, and sloth, why has God given you eyes, ears, tongue, and head, and hands, but to do your own work and wait not on others to do it for you. "Why stand ye all the day idle: does no man engage you? The fields are ripe for harvest, enter in and reap." Trust no longer to others for the perfor-

mance of the work we are called upon to do. They are broken reeds, that will only confound those who put their trust in them. The work of reformation is ours, let us feel this and do it, and not be waiters of the tide. In the general affairs of life, we have often seen, they best succeed who work their way.—We have commenced another year; let us gather up all the energies we possess, and make the best resolutions of the past into the noblest deeds of the present. Whatsoever our hand finds us to do, let us do it. While others promise; let us perform; while they keep saying; let us up and be doing, for the cause of truth is ours, and we must also do the work.

FATAL POLICY.

THERE is a policy pursued by some Unitarian Societies and ministers, which seems to me fatal to the success of Unitarian views of Christianity. It consists in excluding from the ministrations of the pulpit the distinct, peculiar views of Unitarianism, *never* allowing those views to be exhibited in contrast with the peculiar views of Calvinism or orthodoxy. Now, this is not the way to build up Unitarian Societies, but the direct way to fit them for an easy transition to an unmitigated orthodox ministry and faith. In the exercise of plain common-sense, persons reason thus: If Unitarians attach any vital importance to their distinctive views, will they not make them prominent in their preaching? If they regard the peculiar views of others, with whom they widely differ, to be of very bad tendency, because of their erroneous character, will they not publicly, frankly, but kindly expose them? Why should a Unitarian ministry be sustained, if Unitarian views of Christianity, in all their bearings, are not to be freely and fully preached? There are good reasons for believing that the policy of suppressing Unitarian views, and all exposure of the opposite erroneous views, is pursued, in some instances, for the purpose of currying favour with the orthodox. The occasional presence of a few orthodox hearers in a place of Unitarian worship converts the preacher into a mere echo of orthodox sounds or sentiments common to both denominations. This is a course that can command the respect of no live Christian. When an orthodox man enters a Unitarian church, he expects—yea, he ought to expect to hear Unitarian preaching. So, when a Unitarian enters an orthodox church, he ought to expect orthodox preaching. And no one has any right to complain if he does hear such preaching. To me there seems no policy so suicidal to our denomination as that which fetters the tongue of truth, that is always asking leave to be of the orthodox, courting the smile and shrinking from the frown of the same, as if the orthodox held the keys of the kingdom of heaven and of hell. Self-respect requires us to shun such a policy. For if, as a denomination, we cannot prove our right to live and grow by the truth of our doctrines, and by their holy fruits, then the sooner we die the better it will be for the cause of religion, and the happiness of mankind. All this is said with no fears, but in full faith in the final triumph of Unitarian views of Christianity.—*Chr. Inquirer.*

THE PRIEST.

I would I were an excellent divine,
That had the Bible at my fingers' ends;
That men might hear out of this mouth of mine
How God doth make his enemies his friends;
Rather than with a thundering and long prayer
Be led into presumption, or despair.

This would I be, and would none other be—
But a religious servant of my God;
And know there is none other God but He,
And willingly to suffer mercy's rod—
Joy in his grace, and live but in his love,
And seek my bliss but in the world above.

And I would frame a kind of faithful prayer,
For all estates within the state of grace,
That careful love might never know despair,
Nor servile fear might faithful love deface;
And this would I both day and night devise
To make my humble spirit's exercise.

And I would read the rules of sacred life;
Persuade the troubled soul to patience;
The husband's care, and comfort to the wife;
To child and servant true obedience;
Faith to the friend, and to the neighbour peace,
That love might live, and quarrels all might cease.

Prayer for the health of all that are diseased,
Confession unto all that are convicted,
And patience unto all that are displeased,
And comfort unto all that are afflicted,
And mercy unto all that have offended,
And grace to all: that all may be amended.

Nicholas Breton.

RETRIBUTION AND REDEMPTION.

BY A. C. THOMAS.

1.—*Rewards and punishments* are uniformly mentioned in the Scriptures as being *according to the works of man.* Matt. xvi. 27, 28: "For the Son of man shall come in the glory of his Father with his angels; and then he shall *reward every man according to his works.*" Rom. ii. 6: God "will render to *every man according to his deeds.*" 2 Cor. v. 10.—"We are sure that the judgment of God is according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad." See also 2 Tim. iv. 14; Col. iii. 25.

2.—Carefully notice, 1st., That *no contingency* is expressed. There is no way of *escape.* 2nd. God will render to *every man.* There is no exception. 3rd. He will render to every man according to his *deeds*, his *works.* There is nothing said about belief or professions. 4th. He will render to every man according to *his* deeds, *his own* deeds—not the deeds of another person. 5th. Notice that it is *according* to every man's deeds. Every man is responsible according to his knowledge and ability. Luke xii. 47. 48.—"And that servant which knew his Lord's will, and prepared not himself, neither did according to his will, shall be beaten with many stripes. But he that knew not and did commit things worthy of stripes, shall be beaten with few stripes."

3.—Paul declares that "the wages of sin is death," Rom. vi. 23. Here sin is personified, and represented as a being for whom the sinner works. Dr. Adam Clarke says, "The word which we here render *wages*, signified the *daily pay* of a Roman soldier." The word occurs in this sense in Luke iii. 14. Death is the *daily pay* of the sinner—for "to be carnally minded *is death*," Rom. viii. 6. Sin is a prompt pay-master. The sinner receives his wages *daily.* No postponement.

4.—The wages of righteousness (as a counterpart to death, the wages of sin) is life and peace; for "to be spiritually minded is life and peace," Rom. viii. 6. This is also a *daily pay.* "A good man shall be satisfied from himself," Proverbs xiv. 14. When Paul says, "The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life," he does not make a contrast between the wages of *sin* and the wages of *virtue.* On the contrary, he clearly states that "eternal life is *the* GIFT *of God.*" And in Ephesians ii. 9, he testifies that salvation "is *the gift* of God; *not of works*, lest any man should boast."

5.—*Redemption and its blessings* are uniformly mentioned in the Scriptures as being "NOT *according to* OUR WORKS," but *according to the purpose and grace of God*, 2 Tim. i. 9; according to His mercy, Titus iii. 5; according to the good pleasure of His will, Ephesians i. 5; according to the riches of His grace, verse 7; according to His good pleasure, verse 9. Carefully notice the marked distinction between these references and those in FACT 1.

6.—Sin abounds, and the sinner receives his *daily pay* according to his *works.* Men perform virtuous deeds, and they also receive their *daily pay* according to *their* works. But where sin aboundeth, *grace* did MUCH MORE abound; that as sin hath reigned unto death, *even so* might GRACE reign through righteousness unto eternal life by Jesus Christ our Lord," Romans v. 20, 21. So, *after* mankind have been rewarded and punished *according to their deeds*, our Heavenly Father will confer the blessing of redemption upon his universal family, *according to His own purpose and grace.*

7.—Many persons seem to consider it impossible to conceive of a middle ground between endless punishment and no punishment whatever, themselves adopting *one* of these extremes, they frequently charge us with adopting *the other.* Whoever may read these pages will learn, not only that the charge is unjust, but also that the spirit of inspiration teaches a termination to both rewards and punishments. Beyond that termination there is a blessed inheritance for the whole family of man, as the free gift of the love of God.

8.—The testimonies concerning that inheritance are communicated in universal terms, so that whatever grounds of expectation there may be in *one* case, there shall be in *all* cases. And herein

there is beautiful conformity to the second commandment, which is like unto the first—"Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." Selfishness and self-righteousness are alike excluded.

9.—"The Father loveth the Son, and hath given all things into his hands," John iii. 35; and Jesus was thus constituted "the heir of all things," Heb. i. 2; and therefore it was his prerogative to say, "All that the Father giveth me shall come to me; and him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out," John vi. 37.

10.—Conformably to this testimony we find it recorded that Jesus "gave himself a ransom for all, to be testified in due time," 1 Timothy ii. 6. "For the suffering of death he was crowned with glory and honour, that he, by the grace of God, should taste death for every man," Hebrews ii. 9. "He is therefore the head of every man," 1 Cor. xi. 3; "and Lord of all," Acts x. 36.

11.—In like universal terms we are informed that "he is the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but also for the sins of *the whole world*," 1 John ii. 2; even of "the whole world" lying "in wickedness," chap. v. 19. And hence it is written, "We have seen, and do testify, that the Father sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world," 1 John iv. 14.

12.—In perfect harmony with these testimonies, we are certified that "God was in Christ, reconciling *the world* unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them," 2 Cor. v. 19. "It pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell; and having made peace through the blood of his cross, by him to reconcile *all things* unto himself," Col. i. 19, 20. "For God hath concluded them all in unbelief, that he might have mercy upon *all*," Rom. xi. 32.

13.—In view of these sublime declarations, we may heartily exclaim, in the language of a poet:

"Could we with ink the ocean fill;
Were the whole earth of parchment made;
Were every single stick a quill,
And every man a scribe by trade,—
To write the love of God above,
Would drain the ocean dry;
Nor could the scroll contain the whole,
Though stretched from sky to sky."

THE LITTLE STRINGS.

Did you ever see a gutta-percha face, children? And did you ever amuse yourselves with pinching it one way, and pulling it another, and seeing what different expressions it will put on? When you cease pulling and pinching it, it returns to the same face it was before.

Now your little faces are softer than gutta-percha, and they are full of the little strings called muscles; and the little muscles pull them one way, and pull them another, just according to your feelings. Sometimes you feel grieved or sad, and the little muscles pull your face into a very doleful expression, and we know, by looking at you, just how you feel. Sometimes you feel pleased and merry, and the little muscles pull your face into smiles and dimples.

But often there are wicked passions at work at the strings. Anger pulls, and oh, what a disagreeable look the face puts on in a minute. Pride pulls the strings, or vanity, or envy, or discontent, or deceit; and each brings its own expression over the face. The worst of it is, that when these passions pull very often, the face does not return to what it was before, but the muscles harden and retain that ugly expression. By indulging in evil passions people may work their faces up into such awful faces, that sometimes, when you meet a man in the street, you can tell, just by looking at his face, what his character is.

A face that was very lovely, when it was that of a child, has had the passion of anger pulling at it so often, that it always wears a sullen, cross, dissatisfied look. Or, if a man has learned to hoard up money, for its own sake, his face gets a mean, grasping look, and we say, when we pass him, "There goes a miser." Or, if he has learned to lie and steal, he can not make his face that of a truthful, honest man.

Now, dear children, do you want to have pleasant faces, that everybody will look at? *Then don't let the ugly passions get hold of the strings.* Put them into the hands of love, and charity, and good-will, and truth, and honesty, and they will be beautiful faces.

A STAR IN THE EAST.

We hear much, and deservedly, of the spirit of the age. The following language, which occurs in an address of Sir John Bowring, late Commissioner of Her Majesty, in China, is full of suggestiveness and full of promise for the better time, which we hope is coming upon mankind. The quotation is made from the London *Inquirer* newspaper, of July 21st, 1860.

"He (Sir John Bowring), from his position, had an opportunity of holding intercourse with many of the representatives of various opinions in different nations of the world, and he had been struck with the breaking down of old superstitions—that unchaining of charity—and the opening of the mind, which the present state of religion presented over the world. Not long ago he had a great deal of controversy with one of the most remarkable monarchs of the present day—the King of Siam. This man was a revoluntionary Buddhist, and repudiated everything in Buddhism that was not consistent with modern science or philosophy. He would not listen to any enunciations that were opposed to geology or astronomy. He treated everything as spurious which taught that the sun moved round the earth, and that the earth was the centre of the terrestrial system. He (Sir John Bowring) had a letter from the monarch, in which the language was most touching. The King of Siam said, 'You and I, and many of us are in the search of truth, but don't know where to find it; but you will allow that I may be as earnestly engaged in the search as you are, but we may come to different conclusions. The time may come when we may both arrive at the same conclusion.'"

Is there not ground for encouragement when we see language take this hold by one whom we call a heathen—one placed in the high seat of kingly power? Surely there is a bright star rising in the East to herald a brighter day. We shall content ourselves with wishing that many Christians, and even Christian teachers, as well understood their duties to seek for truth with open heart and eye, and with as kindly a spirit to those who differ from them.

A CHILD'S DREAM OF A STAR.

There was once a child, and he strolled about a good deal, and thought of a number of things. He had a sister, who was a child, too, and his constant companion. These two used to wander all day long. They wondered at the beauty of the flowers; they wondered at the depth of the bright water; they wondered at the goodness and power of God who made the lovely world.

They used to say to one another, sometimes, "Supposing all the children on the earth were to die, would the flowers, and the water, and the sky, be sorry?" They believed they would be sorry. For, said they, the buds are the children of the flowers, and the little playful streams that gambol down the hill-sides are the children of the water; and the smallest bright specks playing at hide and seek in the sky all night, must surely be the children of the stars; and they would all be grieved to see their playmates, the children of men, no more.

There was one clear shining star that used to come out in the sky before the rest, near the church spire, above the graves. It was larger and more beautiful, they thought, than all the others, and every night they watched for it, standing hand in hand at a window. Whoever saw it first, cried out, "I see the star!" And often they cried out both together, knowing so well when it would rise, and where. So they grew to be such friends with it, that, before lying down in their beds, they always looked out once again to bid it good night; and "God bless the star!"

But while she was still very young, oh, very, very young, the sister drooped, and came to be so weak that she could no longer stand in the window at night; and then the child looked sadly out by himself, and when he saw the star, turned round and said to the patient pale face on the bed, "I see the star!" and then a smile would come upon the face, and a little weak voice used to say, "God bless my brother and the star!"

And so the time came, all too soon! when the child looked out alone, and when there was no face on the bed, and when there was a little grave among the graves, not there before; and when the

star made long rays down toward him, as he saw it through his tears.

Now, these rays were so bright, and they seemed to make such a shining away from earth to heaven, that when the child went to his solitary bed, he dreamed about the star; and dreamed that, lying where he was, he saw a train of people taken up that sparkling road by angels. And the star, opening, showed him a great world of light, where many more such angels waited to receive them.

All these angels, who were waiting, turned their beaming eyes upon the people who were carried up into the star; and some came out from the long rows in which they stood, and fell upon the people's necks, and kissed them tenderly, and went away with them down avenues of light, and were so happy in their company, that, lying in his bed, he wept for joy.

But, there were many angels who did not go with them, and among them one he knew. The patient face that once was lain upon the bed was glorified and radiant, but his heart found out his sister among all the host.

His sister's angel lingered near the entrance of the star, and said to the leader among those who had brought the people hither, "Is my brother come?"

But he said, "No."

She was turning hopefully away, when the child stretched out his arms and cried, "Oh, sister, I am here! Take me!" and then she turned her beaming eyes upon him, and it was night; and the star was shining into his room, making long rays down toward him as he saw it through his tears.

From that hour forth the child looked out upon the star as the home he was to go to, when his time should come; and he thought that he did not belong to the earth alone, but to the star, too, because of his sister's angel gone before.

There was a baby born to be a brother to the child; and while he was so little that he never yet had spoken word, he stretched out his tiny form on his bed and died.

Again the child dreamed of the opened star, and of the company of angels, and the train of people, and the rows of people with their beaming eyes all turned upon those people's faces.

Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Not that one, but another."

As the child beheld his brother's angel in her arms, he cried, "Oh, sister, I am here! Take me!" And she turned and smiled upon him, and the star was shining.

He grew to be a young man, and was busy at his books, when an old servant came to him, and said, "Thy mother is no more. I bring her blessing on her darling son."

Again at night he saw the star, and all that former company. Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Thy mother!"

A mighty cry of joy went forth through all the star, because the mother was re-united to her two children. And he stretched out his arms, and cried, "Oh, mother, sister, and brother, I am here! Take me!" And they answered, "Not yet," and the star was shining.

Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Nay, but his maiden daughter."

And the man who had been the child saw his daughter, newly lost to him, a celestial creature among those three, and he said, "My daughter's head is on my sister's bosom, and her arm is round my mother's neck, and at her feet there is the baby of the old time, and I can bear the parting from her, God be praised!"

And the star was shining.

Thus the child came to be an old man, his once smooth face was wrinkled, and his steps were slow and feeble, and his back was bent. And one night, as he lay upon his bed, his children standing round, he cried, as he had cried so long ago, "I see the star!"

They whispered to one another, "He is dying."

And he said, "I am. My age is falling from me like a garment, and I move toward the star as a child. And oh, my Father, now I thank thee that it has so often opened to receive those dear ones who await me!"

And the star was shining; and it shines upon his grave.—*Dickens.*

WILL YOU READ THE BIBLE THROUGH THIS YEAR?

It may be done by reading 3 chapters daily, and 5 on the Sabbath; that is, 2 chapters every day in the Old Testament, and 1 every day and 3 on the Sabbath in Psalms, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, Solomon's Song, and the New Testament.

To obtain these 3 chapters, read Psalm 119 as 11 chapters, of 2 divisions each, and connect the short Psalm 117 with the next, and Psalms 133 and 134 together; thus adding 8 chapters to complete the year.

Five chapters a week will go through the New Testament in a year.

JAN.	1	Gen.	1	Psalm	1
	8	„	15	„	10
	15	„	29	„	19
	22	„	43	„	28
	29	Exodus	7	„	37
FEB.	5	„	21	„	46
	12	„	35	„	55
	19	Lev.	9	„	64
	26	„	23	„	73
MAR.	5	Numb.	13	„	82
	12	„	24	„	91
	19	Deut.	2	„	100
	26	„	16	„	109
APRIL	2	„	30	„	119
	9	Joshua	10	„	119
	16	„	24	„	127
	23	Judges	14	„	137
	30	1 Sam.	3	„	146
MAY	7	„	17	Prov.	5
	14	„	31	„	14
	21	2 Sam.	14	„	23
	28	1 Kings	4	Eccl.	1
JUNE	4	„	18	„	10
	11	2 Kings	10	S.S.	7
	18	„	24	Matt.	8
	25	1 Chr.	13	„	17
JULY	2	„	27	„	26
	9	2 Chr.	12	Mark	7
	16	„	26	„	16
	23	Ezra	4	Luke	9
	30	Neh.	8	„	18
AUG.	6	Esther	9	John	8
	13	Job	13	„	12
	20	„	27	„	21
	27	„	41	Acts	9
SEPT.	3	Isaiah	13	„	18
	10	„	27	„	27
	17	„	41	Rom.	8
	24	„	55	1 Cor.	1
OCT.	1	Jer.	3	„	10
	8	„	17	2 Cor.	3
	15	„	31	„	12
	22	„	45	Eph.	2
	29	Esek.	2	Col.	1
NOV.	5	„	16	2 Thess.	1
	12	„	30	2 Tim.	1
	19	„	44	Heb.	2
	26	Daniel	10	„	11
DEC.	3	Hosea	12	1 Pet.	2
	10	Amos	9	1 John	3
	17	Nahum	2	Rev.	4
	24	Zec.	5		13
	31	„	„	„	22

PLAIN DUTIES FROM OBSCURE TEXTS.

[*During the present year we purpose a series of expository articles under this head.*]

"For our God is a consuming fire."—Heb. xiii. 29.

We have often been grieved at the violent attacks made on the books of Moses, because of their representations of Deity. In reading the works of Mr. Thomas Paine we were quite prepared for his shocking descriptions and exaggerations of Judaism, and its supposed cruel teaching concerning the nature of God; but we are never prepared to allow Christian ministers to be so uncandid and ungenerous towards Judaic theism, as to take the worst possible views of its representations of God. It is the theistic element of the religion of the Jews that preserves the individuality of that people from age to age, and will bear them up through all time. No man understood the genius of both Judaism and Christianity better than St. Paul; he contrasts occasionally the milder character of Christianity in its manifestations, and yet he endorses one of the most objectionable representations of God found in the old Testament (Exodus xxiv. 16), and says, "Our God is a consuming fire." We should bear in mind that the same pen wrote, "Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of all mercies, the God of all comfort," etc. Nor is this metaphorical representation, which has been so violently assailed, contrary to the fact that "God is love." It is curious how inconsistent men can be, for those very men who profess the religion of "Naturalism," in which is included not only the devouring but purifying element of fire, can be so opposed to a view of the Deity that may be reconciled with absolute goodness on the very figure of being a consuming fire. There can be no doubt, from the connection in which the passage stands in the old Testament and the New, it is representative of chastisement, of that suffering which is destined to purify. Who would deny that Divine Providence prepares chastisements for his people, and the object of such is made very plain and clear in the Scripture: "As a man chasteneth his son, so the Lord thy God chasteneth thee."—Deut. viii. 5. "Then will I visit their transgressions with the rod, and their iniquity with stripes. Nevertheless my loving kindness will I not utterly take from him, nor suffer my faithfulness to fail."—Psalm lxxxix. 32. "He doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men."—Sam. iii. 32. And there is most incontestible evidence that God is spoken of as a fire in this same view of purification; even as the refining furnace is used to burn off the dross of metals, of silver and gold, so doth the divine teacher use the strong figure of fire, to show the retributive and purifying process to which a sinful life will expose us. God spares no pain or misery to purge out the dross of our nature—to consume it away—and make us meet for a better kingdom. "Behold I have refined thee, but not with silver; I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction, for mine own sake, even

for mine own sake, for how should my name be polluted, and I will not give my glory to another."—Isaiah xlviii. 10. Here the process of burning and refining is spoken of for our advantage. "And I will bring the third part through the fire, and will refine them as silver is refined, and will try them as gold is tried; and they shall call on my name and I will hear them. I will say it is my people, and they shall say the Lord is my God."—Zech. xiii. 9. The salutary effect and gracious purpose is shown in the foregoing passage, and in the following, though its severity seems to be admitted. "But who may abide the day of his coming, and who shall stand when he appeareth? for he is like a refiner's fire, and like fullers soap. And he shall sit as a refiner, and purify silver; and he shall purify the sons of Levi, and purge them as gold and silver, that they may appear unto the Lord an offering of righteousness, pleasant as in days of old, and in ancient years."—Malachi iii. 2. To the ungodly, unspiritual mind, God is a consuming fire, that will refine away its dross. Let us be careful how we speak of these representations of Deity. Who fall on truth shall be broken; on whom it falls it will grind them to powder.

FIVE ILLUSTRATIONS OF MISERABLE INTOLERANCE AND FOLLY.

"Religion," said the great-minded Locke, "Is that science which would truly enlarge men's minds, were it studied, or permitted to be studied, everywhere with that freedom, love of truth, and charity, which it teacheth." Just so; we never read the matter in plainer language than this; but see the five following paragraphs we cut from the papers of the last few weeks of 1860, and then ask if religion is not needed, and most needed, in some of the very men who are ordained to perform her rites and teach her doctrines. We will go to that country reduced to the lowest ebb of humanity by her priestcraft; for

No. I.

The *Messager* of Bayonne states that a child, fifteen months old, belonging to Protestant parents of that city, died a few weeks back at Villabona, near Vittoria, in Spain; but that the clergy of that place, on account of the parents' religion, refused him Christian burial. Accordingly the afflicted father set out with the dead body for France, and arriving at Irun, near the frontier, he had, in compliance with the French law, to solicit authorisation to introduce it. Whilst waiting for the permission, he was compelled to deposit the coffin by the side of a large hedge, near a Spanish guard-house, on the banks of the Bidassoa; and the chief of the post on duty at that place brutally cried out, "If in an hour you do not get your permission, I will have the body cast into the river." Fortunately the authorisation promptly arrived, and the sorrowing father having brought his child's remains into France had them interred with Christian rites.

No. II.

Serious people have been startled, of late, by the proceedings of an eccentric lady of considerable landed property in Wales, of which we gave a short account last week. Moved by zeal for the Established Church, Miss Morrice has determined to exterminate Dissent amongst her tenants. The native Welsh are, for the most part, Calvinistic Methodists; and in many of the country places the parish churches are almost deserted. In some places it is not uncommon for the clergyman and clerk to be alone in the Church at the time for commencing the afternoon service. But Miss Morrice is a chivalrous spinster, and she has determined that if the Church is empty, her cottages shall be empty too. She posts her agents at the doors of the Dissenting chapels, and every one of her tenants who is seen to enter there is forthwith served with a notice to quit. She has also published a manifesto, in the form of a kindly address to her tenantry, in which she gives them the choice to change their creed or to leave their holdings. She appeals to everything that is sacred, as a warrant for her conduct; even a familiar of the Inquisition could hardly have persecuted in a holier spirit. Many of the poor people, it is said, have quietly sacrificed everything, but a few of them have betrayed a want of firmness, and have tried to outwit the spies set over them, by going by circuitous roads to distant chapels. By a second address just issued, orders are given that the tenants shall not subscribe to any society in any way connected with a Dissenting Church. Even to afford hospitality to a Dissenting clergyman is to be considered a crime. Last Sunday, the roads leading to a chapel, near Miss Morrice's house, were closley watched. Two clergymen were posted, one on each of the two principal roads, while Miss Morrice and her servant kept watch at another road. Nevertheless, some of the tenants found their way to chapel, behind the hedges, unobserved.

No. III.

At Horsey, Norfolk, a singular charge has been preferred by the Rev. Edward Pote Neale, against two of his parishioners, Joseph Fish and Ann Nockolds, of having been guilty of indecent conduct in the churchyard, "by then and there singing on the way to, and at the grave of an unbaptized child, by which the said Edward Pote Neale was then and there vexed and troubled, he being then and there the vicar of the said parish, and the only person duly authorised to perform the burial service in the church of the said parish, contrary to the form of the statute in that case made and provided." The proceedings were instituted under the act passed last session, in consequence of the disturbances in the parish of St. George in the East. The case, as stated on the part of the prosecution, was as follows:—A few days since a child, whose parents were named Webster, died at Horsey. As it had never been baptized, Mr. Neale refused to read the burial service over the body; but he consented to the corpse being interred in a particular part of the churchyard, on condition that no singing or prayer should be allowed at the grave, although service might be performed outside the churchyard. Mrs. Webster, it is said, distinctly agreed to these stipulations; but on the 29th ult. the defendant Fish and nine or ten other persons, after prayers outside the churchyard,

went in procession and singing to the grave. Mr. Neale went up to them and said, three times, "Joseph Fish, and all other persons, I most solemnly protest against what you are doing;" but they paid no heed to the admonition. For the defendants, who are Primitive Methodists, it was contended that Mrs. Webster had requested Fish, knowing him to be a religious man, to attend at the church, that the child might not be thrown into the grave like a dog; and that some funeral celebration should take place, as far as it could be carried out consistently with the feelings of Mr. Neale. They simply carried the corpse to the churchyard, and on arriving there knelt down in the road to say a prayer over it. They then walked in orderly procession to the grave, singing a perfectly unobjectionable hymn. The magistrates fined the defendants a shilling each, and thirteen shillings expenses.

No. IV.

In a letter to the *Hartlepool Mercury*, the writer, from one of the Cleveland villages, says that a woman was recently delivered of twins, one of them dying a few minutes after its birth, which the medical attendant baptized before its decease. The other little twin lived a few hours, but died before it was baptized. Both the little ones, as is usual in such cases, were put into one coffin, to be buried together. This was disallowed, and the unbaptized child was coffined by itself, and the bearer of the little coffin stood outside the Church-wall until the funeral service was read over the more favoured baptized twin; the other was afterwards brought forward and buried in the same grave.

No. V.

The domestic Missionary, at Leicester, says, in his annual report for 1860, "I have encountered some bigotry and un-Christian feeling from our Orthodox brethren. I was desired to call upon a poor woman near her death. I did so, and my services were thankfully received. But the case having been pointed out, without the consent of the sick person, to the clergyman of the parish, he also called. His first question was, 'Has any minister been? because I shall not allow any one to attend but myself; no other can teach you the right way to heaven.'"

These are a few of the illustrations of that miserable folly that passes in the nineteenth century as zeal for religion. Is it possible that we can be so blind to the interests of true religion, and so harden our hearts by that spurious kind of generosity that would never lift its voice, and protest, and cry out, against this shameful perversion of religion, which would wound the dearest sensibilities of a father's affection for his dead child, or that a mother's heart should be filled with distress by the priest of religion affording her not the slightest hope of the eternal rest of her sinless child. And that in the name of Christianity a conscientious Methodist should be driven from his employ and his home because he chooses to worship where he has the greatest spiritual good; or that a dying woman should be intimidated to refuse the services of a dissenting visiting minister, under the threat of hell. We can never do enough to uproot such miserable intolerance and folly.

THE POPULAR THEOLOGY OF CHRISTENDOM.

BY REV. THEODORE PARKER.

"Teaching for doctrines the commandments of men."—MATT. xv. 9.

IT is commonly said there are three persons in the Deity. There is really a fourth person in the popular idea of God, in the Christian theology, to wit, the devil; for the devil is really the fourth person of the popular Godhead in the Christian churches, only he is not so named and confessed. The belief in the devil is almost universal in Christendom.

Well, now, this absolutely evil devil, if there were such a being, must have come from God, who is the only Creator; and of course, therefore, is as much a part of God's work and design as the Eternal Son after he was "eternally begotten," or the Eternal Holy Ghost after he had "eternally proceeded;" and the existence of the devil therefore is as much a work of God as the existence of the Son or the Holy Ghost; and the evil of the devil must have originated with God. God therefore must have made the devil absolutely evil. If the devil was made with a nature which, under the circumstances he was placed in, would develope into a nature absolutely evil—all of that must be so because God the Father wished it to be so. The devil must be "the implacable enemy of the human race," with this extraordinary appetite for believers, because God the Father wished him to be so. God therefore is responsible for the devil; and the character of absolute evil, which is in the devil, must have been in God first.

The power assigned to the devil, and the influence over men, commonly attributed to him, is much greater, since the creation, than that of all the three other Persons put together. And so the devil is really therefore the most effective person of the popular Godhead, only not so confessed. There is no mistake in this reasoning, strange as it may seem. It takes all these four Persons to make up and represent the popular theological notion of God.

Then God, as a whole, is represented as angry with mankind as a whole. There is, on one side, an offended God, and on the other an offending human race. God the Father is angry with mankind; God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost are both angry with mankind, and the devil, "the implacable enemy of the human race," as a roaring lion walketh about seeking whom he may devour, "especially believers."

But there are a few whom the devil will not be able to devour, who will be saved, whom the Holy Ghost will inspire, whom the Son will ransom, and the Father bless. These are only the smallest fraction of mankind, and the devil gets all the rest; so that really, according to the practical teaching of this theology, the devil, the unacknowledged person of the Godhead, is, after all, stronger than God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, all united.

The doctrine concerning man is no better. Man is represented after this wise: he was so

made by God, and furnished with such surroundings, that, as soon as he tried to go alone, he fell from a state of innocence into a state of sin, and has transmitted "original sin" to all his posterity. Men are born with a sinful nature, and, if not "totally depraved," they are so nearly so that the fraction of goodness is infinitesimal, and not worth estimating. Sin does not consist in sinning, but in being born of Adam, after the fall, for his offence wrought an attainder in the souls of all his children for ever. Man, of himself, it is said, has no power to find out moral or religious truth, and to secure his own religious or moral welfare. He is naturally wicked and hates God, hates other men, hates truth with his reason, justice with his conscience, holiness with his soul; loves falsehood, injustice, hate, and wickedness, all for their own sake, not as means to an end:—hates God the Father, God the Son, God the Holy Ghost, and only loves the devil. In his flesh there dwells no good thing. The natural desires are sinful, and men are wicked by nature and by will. There is none that doeth good: not one. Men are evil, and evil continually; their heart is as prone to wickedness as the sparks to fly upward; they are conceived in sin, and shapen in iniquity. If they do something that seems good, their righteousness is as filthy rags.

All things which God made work well, except human nature; and that worked so badly that it fell as soon as it was put together. God must start anew, and so he destroys all, except eight persons. But—so bad is human nature—the new family behave no better; they must be cast aside; and God discards all, excepting the posterity of a single man. But they turn out as bad as the rest, and must be thrown over. No good comes of human reason, and human nature; so at length a new dispensation is established. But the new dispensation has worked scarcely better than the others. The human race does not turn out as God designed, or expected. It is a failure.

Note next the doctrine of the relation between God and Man. God is the sovereign Lord, the King of the human race, and is represented as creating and ruling the world, not for the world's good, but for his own good or glory. Jesus calls God "*The Father*,"—the favourite name with that great noble heart, and does not call Him King. In the third Gospel, God is the Father who sees his penitent, prodigal son a great way off, and goes out to meet him, and falls on his neck and kisses him, and rejoices more over one sinner brought to repentance than over ninety and nine just men. The author of the Epistle, ascribed to John, says, "God is Love." It is the bravest word in the whole Bible. But by the popular theology God is King; Catholics and Protestants represent Him as a despotic King. There are three elements, as I just said, conspicuous in his character. The first is power, force of hand, force of head: next, selfishness, love of his own glory: and third, destructiveness.

Like other kings, He cares little for the welfare of his creatures, though he pretends to care much. Men must fear this king; this is the highest thing you can do. You must pray to God only by attorney. Your prayer will make Him alter his mind and change his purpose, if you employ the right attorney in the right way; for though this king is said to be unchangeable, it is thought He will be moved by the poor petitions you and I put up. Divines talk of "constraining prayer,"—a prayer that will constrain God to his will! The classic mythology represents the ancient heathen gods as selfish in their ruling propensity: and the popular theology represents God as selfish in his love of power, of glory, and terribly selfish in his wrath. Accordingly, such actions are ascribed to the Deity, in the popular theology, as in almost any country of Christendom would send a man to the gallows. The God of the popular theology is the exploiter of the human race.

TRUE RELIGION.

BY THE REV. JAMES KNAPTON.

TRUE religion, is thy seat
Where the Pharisaic meet
Bland in aspect, foul in heart,
Dreaming they have done their part,
When to Heaven's eternal throne
Psalm of grateful praise is gone,
"We are not as others are?"
Oh! not there—not there—not there.

Where, then? In that wide domain
Erring mortals rear in vain
Gorgeous temples, then combine
Cheerily to call them thine?
But o'er those whose worship bears
Tinge of other hue than theirs,
Mourn with ostentatious air?
Oh! not there—not there—not there.

Stately dome, however grand,—
Proudly towering though it stand,—
Home of thine can never be,
If devoid of Charity?
There in concert, loud and long,
Hearts may weep o'er human wrong,
But thy presence never share:
Oh! not there—not there—not there.

Seat thou hast,—but only Love,
Boundless as the heavens above,
Round its everlasting shrine
Kindleth homage pure, divine!
And who truly loveth not—
Wealth be his, or poor man's lot—
Never can thine image bear:
Oh! not there—not there—not there.

Heart of mine, then, would't thou be
Transcript of the Deity?
Feel, in trial's darkest hour,
True religion's hallowing power?
Lead thy race to highest good—
Man's eternal brotherhood?
From thy watchword never move,
Faith that only works by LOVE!

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

THE BIBLE.—The Bible has been translated into 260 languages and dialects, and is ready for 600,000,000 of the inhabitants of the earth; but only 160,000,000 have, as yet, received it.

ARTICLES OF RELIGION.—Dr. Paley, in his "Moral Philosophy," has made a calculation, by which it appears that the Articles of the Church contain two hundred and forty distinct propositions.—*Worsley.*

AN English Friend, in a recent work, says: "In 1658 there was not a Quaker living who did not believe Quakerism to be the only true Church of the living God. In 1858 there is not a Quaker living who does believe it."

WARS.—Since the days of Constantine there has been 286 distinct wars, 120 of which have resulted in favour of the party in the wrong, and the same number in favour of the party in the right, the remainder being undecided, resulting in the death of nearly 40,000,000,000 people.

A WORD TO STUDENTS.—Horace Mann's words on his dying bed, "Tell those dear students, who have always been obedient and reliable, that I cannot tell how much I love them, and tell those few thoughtless, that I would die ten thousand deaths if I could teach them how beautiful and holy it is to know God in all his laws, and to obey him."

A POWERFUL APPEAL.—Dr. Arnold, when at Lalcham, once lost all patience with a dull scholar, when the pupil looked up in his face and said: "Why do you speak angrily, sir? Indeed, I am doing the best I can." Years after, the doctor used to tell the story to his own children, and say, "I never felt so ashamed of myself in my life. That look and speech I have never forgotten."

THE TWO FAMILY BEARS.—Once upon a time there lived a couple, known far and wide for their interminable squabbles. Suddenly they changed their mode of life, and were as complete patterns of conjugal felicity as they were formerly of discord. A neighbour, anxious to know the cause of such a conversion, asked the good wife to explain it. She replied, "I and the old man have got on together well enough ever since we kept two bears in the house." "Two bears!" was the perplexed reply." "Yes, sure," said the lady; "bear and forbear."

THE HINDOOS.—Rowland Williams, who has made the Hindoo mythology his special study, is compelled to acknowledge that Christianity, in its prevalent form, can never win the general assent of the Oriental mind, and that only the simple religious ideas and precepts of the Gospel—the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, the grand sentiments which harmonize with the intuitive moral judgment—in plain words, the Unitarianism of the New Testament—can exercise long and lasting influence upon the Hindoo race. And that religion it is our duty to diffuse at home and abroad, far and wide, with wisdom and with power.—*Inquirer.*

THE BEECHER TENDENCY.—An Orthodox journal says: "Is anybody so blind as not to see the inevitable tendency of his (Beecher's) loose teaching? The effect does not appear at once, but is none the less sure to come. Such words, scattered far and wide, are like millions of drops of rain falling on the mountain-side, and loosening the soil, the result of which, by-and-by, will be a *tremendous land-slide* into Unitarianism or Universalism.

A PRETTY FANCY.—When day begins to go up to heaven at night, it does not spread a pair of wings and fly aloft like a bird. It just climbs softly up on a ladder. It sets its red sandal on the shrub you have watered these three days, lest it should perish with thirst; then it steps on the tree we sit under, and thence to the ridge of the roof; from the roof to the chimney; and from the chimney to the tall elm; and from the elm to the tall church spire; and then to the threshold of heaven; and thus you can see it go up, as though it walked up red roses.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

A SPURGEON ITEM.—In allusion to the heresies creeping into the dissenting churches of England, Mr. Spurgeon writes in a letter to the Boston *Watchman and Reflector:* "There is an evil leaven in the literature of both the Baptist and Independent denominations, which, if not purged out, will speedily leaven the whole lump. The Socinian notion of the universal fatherhood of God, as opposed to his rectoral and judicial character, is upheld and maintained in several of the Independent pulpits, and the *Freeman* (English Baptist paper) dares to quote extracts of a sermon as proof of the orthodoxy of its favoured preacher—extracts brimfull of heresy, and averring the heterodox dogma in the clearest terms. A controversy commenced two or three years ago, and caused much noise; it has been for a while suspended, in the hope of better things, but must be renewed with greater vigour, for otherwise the stagnant air may nurture this doctrinal pestilence, and we may see Universalism becoming, by slow degrees, rampant among us. Let the ranks of battle close, and let victory be with the right, be it where it may. Abuse, misrepresentation, slander, await any man who shall thrust his arm into a hornet's nest, but it must be done, and happy shall he be who shall be called to do it. Brethren, abide in the faith, and pray that we may do the same."

INDEXES and TITLE-PAGES for Vols. III. and IV.—We beg to apologise to our Subscribers for Advertising the Indexes at One-Halfpenny each, as they were promised, in 1859 Gratis to all who wished to bind the Volume. They will be supplied free.

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Printed by W. ROBINSON, High-street, Stockton.